A Terrible Name for a Museum

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A Terrible Name for a Museum

by AtticusCrete

Summary

Welcome to the Dr Plushy Pants AU where there is humour, tenderness, familiar faces, different deaths (squee), and some angst, corresponding fluff, slow burn, and divergences (Franklyn lives!). Watch for tags for each chapter/part. Canon adjacent. Maybe a second cousin twice removed - some events out of sequence.

It spans beyond the three seasons, and starts with 'a terrible name for a Museum', I've written bits from along the timeline. (And the ending of the whole thing is already written). And I'm currently going back to fill in the gaps.

And sorry about the titles, I'm rubbish at titles, and summaries, and notes, *shrugs* in my first four weeks of writing I clocked just under 100,000 words, what can I say? Feedback and friendliness gratefully received. I answer all comments, though it can take me a bit of time.

In real life I'm an archaeologist, and have other things I'm supposed to write and read. But I'm always delighted to hang out here...

Chapter 1

'I'm just saying it's a terrible name for a museum' Will held up his hand before Alana could reply 'Just think about it for a minute. I'm going to get more coffee, do you want one?' 'Yes, please. Can you get a straight up macchiato for me and a latte for Bev, she's going to be here in ten minutes or so'.

Will queued up and brought back three drinks in a cardboard tray. He was holding a couple of cellophane wrapped cookies between his teeth, by the edge. He spoke round them, and dropped some sugar packets on the table. 'They only had two left, but we can share, right?'

'Sure, that's nice of you. Thanks. There she is' Alana waved enthusiastically and her friend waved back and made her way across the Quantico canteen to join them.

'Hey girl! You're looking alright. Who's that about? And you're Will Graham, right. I've heard about you' Wills heart sank 'yeah, you know everything about insects. My colleague Zeller is so jealous about your monograph. I think I love you already. Can we get married or something. Shit you bought coffee too. Definitely. Name the date'

Alana and Will both laughed. Will rubbed his face. He was so tired of people asking him about his brain when he was all about what was in it not what it could do! He could like this woman.

'So, watcha talking about? Anything interesting? Dead bodies, mutilations, serial killers? Give me the good stuff.' 'Not really' Alana replied 'we were just talking about the 'evil minds museum'. You're going to the launch aren't you?' 'Yeah, got to, it's the boss's baby really.' 'Jack Crawford? He's your boss?' 'Yeah, why?'

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A few days later Will was looking despondently down into his plastic glass of wine. It was thin and uninspired and making the nagging headache he had behind his eye throb just a bit more insistently.

He glanced up and looked around. He'd seen Alana a little while ago talking to some tall suave man with impossible cheekbones. They made a nice couple. Not that Alana was seeing anyone, she'd have said. Probably. Maybe. He felt a little pang. More for the cheekbones than for Alana he wryly noted.

Bev sidled over to him and he felt a stab of relief at being rescued from the ignominy of being friendless at this kind of party. 'On a scale of Bonnie and Clyde to Jeffrey Dahmer, how much are you hating this?'

Will smiled at her 'maybe a Ted Bundy?'

Bev looked at Will 'you are my new favourite person, don't worry it comes with perks and prizes. And sass. The sass is free btw. The rest you'll end up paying for'.

For the first time in weeks Will felt a long moment of happiness wash over him. The semester had started a bit stickily this year. He'd had a background headache for so long he'd forgotten what it was like without it. He hadn't got the whole shopping and eating and working balance going right. And in general he was feeling a bit lost.

He'd also heard on the department grapevine that Bev's boss in the BAU, Jack Crawford was interested in getting him to consult on one of their ongoing cases. He wasn't good in the field. Ever. He'd once heard a former partner in the force call him a hot mess in khaki. It hadn't been meant as a compliment.

He smiled at Bev. 'Thanks. If Crawford drags me in I'll make sure I build up a lot of credit.'

Bev put her arm through his 'and now I'm going to introduce you to my wonderful colleagues in the science lab. I'm not sure future you will thank me. But we come as a kind of gift set - buy one get two free?'

Will laughed again. This was ok. He noticed his headache recede just a little and he left his half full glass on the side. 'Lead on. I'll follow you to the ends of the dining room'

Bev smirked back at him 'too right'.

Trip Advisor Review: was evil, but I didn't mind 3/5

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Alana at the opening of the evil minds museum.

Hannibal is looking sadly into his plastic glass. If Alana had told him the wine would be served in plastic he'd have known not to come to the launch of the 'evil minds' Museum. As it is he'd been willing, more or less, to come as her plus one. They occasionally help each other out in this regard. He goes to University functions with her, mainly so she can avoid a particular dull and handsy member of her Department who asks her every time, (how awful to be known as both boring and something of a lecher?) he calls on her if he needs to make up numbers for a dinner or if he's told to bring someone. Occasionally he's pleaded with her to come to something just so his ears won't bleed with the banality of the conversation.

They've both learnt that it doesn't work for Alana to attend the opera, difficult theatre, anything more strenuous than Mahler, or any exhibit that contains art from about the Late impressionists onwards. They've both learnt their lesson in this regard. Hannibal is still trying to appease one particular gallery owner at whose opening Alana mistook an exhibit for a rubbish receptacle into which she emptied the detritus from her paper plate. Apparently that was $10,000 worth of receptacle! She muttered that she thought she'd added value and verisimilitude, Hannibal had had to hide a smile. Alana had rolled her eyes.

Hannibal is mildly interested in this opening, not especially for the exhibit, tired display material, titilated by interactivity. But ultimately little minds with no ambition or scope. And all but the Zodiac killer caught by their own stupidity or cupidity. Hannibal is not impressed then by the exhibit or its subject matter. The people however. He's been re-introduced to Jack Crawford whom he shall be visiting in a few days, a consultation about a colleague. Alana has pointed out some others. A deputy director here, a senior agent there, members of the BAU team, and a variety of scientific experts. He's met someone whose work on latent fingerprints is of interest and they've spent twenty minutes discussing new lifting techniques. Quite fascinating, this man Jimmy Price is clearly at the front of his field. A useful acquaintanceship to foster.

Price's colleague Brian Zeller doesn't have the same kind of specialism, but he's noted for his work in the field in forensic anthropology. In particular he's good at reconstructing the sequence and events in the passage between life and death that his cadavers have experienced. So, someone else with interesting skills. Not surprisingly also sought after.

This is, after all, the age of the sophisticated serial killer, and intelligent psychopath. On the one hand it is increasingly difficult to avoid surveillance, monitoring and ever present cell phones with both GPS and excellent video capture. On the other hand the challenges posed by new forensic and crime scene techniques are fascinating, and if you succeed in evading

detection three times or more you graduate from being simply a spree killer to being classified as a full on serial. Of course to be legendary you're looking at double figures and ostentatious displays, therefore more and better, which of course increases the likelihood of detection.

So it is now the age of the serial killer and also the serial detector. Not so the work of Sherlock Holmes or Hercule Poirot, though those in the BAU could always do with some additional little grey cells, something to give them the edge. But almost inevitably it is those inside the complex web of policing and detecting that Is the US system who will catch their guy. It isn't alway a guy of course. But often. If only because the physicality of the act can sometimes be more than a woman can manage. But in these days of fast acting drugs, most bets are off. Murder has become an equal opportunities past time.

Hannibal considers this as he is introduced to the dynamic duo's third colleague; another expert in her field, namely trace evidence. He rather likes Beverly Katz, all brain and brilliance held in front of her like a torch, to take her into dark places, where others might fear to tread. She's instantly funny, enjoying his little word games and puns.

Sadly it is not any of this cohort that he has been tasked with supporting. He had been told that Will Graham might be here. But so far he's not seen anyone who fits the description Jack gave "dour, glasses, grumpy, makes homeless chic his fashion statement, a loner, aggressive or at least passively so, antagonistic'. Hannibal surveys the room, he can't see anyone who fits that aptly.

The science trio are over by the 'bar', can it really be called such if there is white wine, orange juice or water from which to select? He has a standing invitation to join them if he gets tired of being pally. Alana is off talking to a rather nice looking man with dark curly hair. He's animated and laughing. Interesting, Alana hadn't told him that she might possibly be on the edge of something with someone new. He rather hopes it's so for her, though it will be annoying as there are several events coming up she'd be useful diversionary camouflage for.

He looks idly at the two of them. They could be an attractive couple. The man is rather lovely, and wears a tux well. Probably not made for him but it has been tailored to fit somewhat. Hannibal feels just the very faintest pang. He hasn't felt that particular impetus in a while. It will pass, it always has before. So he sets it to one side and continues his surveillance as he makes his way to the science team. All three of them at once might be very entertaining.

Half an hour or so later Jimmy is telling a complicated humorous story involving bees and other insects. 'It'd be better if Will was here, this is his thing really' 'oh, he was talking to Alana a little while ago. Where is she now?' The four of them turn and wave at Alana, rescuing her from her handsy colleague as it happens. Well done them. Greetings and pleasantries are exchanged and Alana joins them at the table they have commandeered. 'What did you do with Will?' 'Oh Jack's got him, some Senator or other'.

'So that was Will Graham. Very interesting' Hannibal notes the little pang is back and turns his attention to the group at the table. The wine may be sub par but the company is not.

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